Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post.

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THE SONG OF OUR FATHERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

———————"Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart."
Wordsworth.

Sing them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight.
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters rov'd,
And swell them through the torrents roar—
The songs our fathers lov'd!

The songs their souls rejoic'd to hear
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the banner'd wall:
The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is filled with plumy sheaves:
The woodman, by the starlight pale
Cheer'd homeward through the leaves:
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be!—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead,
A spell of lingering love:
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
Where valiant deeds were done,

Teach them, your children round the hearth,
When evening fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer!
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those lov'd ones roam,
Call back the hearts that once it stirr'd,
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in their strain,
The voices of their household band
Shall sweetly speak again:
The heathery heights in vision rise
Where like the stag, they rov'd
Sing to your sons those melodies.—
The songs your fathers lov'd.

ZUMA:

OR, THE DISCOVERY OF THE PERUVIAN BARK.

From the French of Madame de Genlis.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the animosity of the Indians toward the Spaniards existed in all its force; tradition, too faithful, maintained among this oppressed and devoted people, the dreadful recollection of the cruelty of their conquerors. They were subjugated, but they had not submitted. The Spaniards had only conquered slaves, and their reign was merely the dominion of terror. About this period a Viceroy, more severe than all who had preceded him, excited their powerless and secret hatred to its utmost extent. His secretary, the rigorous minister of his arbitrary will, was a man of insatiable cupidity; and the Indians detested him even more than they did his master. He died suddenly, and the horrid symptoms which preceded his death, induced a universal belief that he had been poisoned by the Indians.—Investigations were instituted, but the criminals remained undiscovered. This event occasioned a great sensation, for it was not the first crime of the same description which had occurred among the Indians. It was well known that they were acquainted with various mortal poisons: they had oftener than once been detected in administering them; but neither torture nor the punishment of death, had been successful in drawing from them any confession of these dreadful secrets.

In the meanwhile the Viceroy was recalled; and Count de Cinchon was appointed by the court of Spain ...

... the viceroy erected an obelisk of white marble, on which the following words were engraven in characters of gold:

To Zuma, the Friend and Preserver of the vice-queen, and Benefactress of the Old World.

On each side of this obelisk *a tree of health* was planted, that blessed tree, sanctified by so many virtues, and which, among the Indians, afterward became the emblem of every virtue which does honor to humanity. The viceroy lost no time in sending to Europe the precious powder of the quinquina, which was long known by the name of *the countess's powder*,* but which in Latin still preserves its original name.

Fortune and honors never inspired with pride, the generous and sensible Zuma; she was always passionately beloved by the vice-queen, and her own virtues always rendered her worthy of her glory and happiness.

* Historical—Related of the Jesuit's bark, or quinquina.

From the Boston Weekly Magazine.

THOUGHTS

On Attending a Former Pupil to the Grave.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Daughter, I will not leave thee.—
Thou wert wont
To sit so close beside me, with thy task,
Lifting thy little book to scan my face,
And time thy question wisely to my cares:—
And thou wouldst gently put thy hand in mine,
When summer school was o'er, and strive to lead
Toward thine own pleasant home, bespeaking still
For me the things that unto thee were dear,—
Thy white haired grandsire's kindness, and the walk
In his sweet flower garden — till I felt
That of a pupil, I had made a friend.
——I will not leave thee, now that thou must take
The journey to thy sepulchre.—I know
How timid thou wert ever, and would cling
Unto my arm, when childhood's little fears
Or troubles daunted thee.—But now, behold,
Thou on thy low and sable carriage, lead'st
And marshall'st us the way, where we must go,
Each for himself.—
Stranger and friend move on,
In long procession.—Daughter I am near
At this most solemn hour. I'll stay until
The "*dust to dust*," that turns love's cheek so pale
Is uttered o'er thee.—Till the turf is laid
Firmly and greenly o'er thy quiet breast,
I will not leave thee, sweetest.
No—I'll wait
Till every lingerer turneth to his home,
And then I'll breathe a prayer beside thy bed,—
Thou who so oft has poured thy prayers with me.
——I'll be the last to leave thee. Oh, be first
To welcome me above,—if thro' the trust
In my Redeemer's strength, I thither rise, from dust.

Hartford, September, 1838.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

THOUGHTS.

SUGGESTED BY THE HALL OF INDEPENDENCE.

The events of our Revolution have rendered interesting, many a spot throughout the length and breadth of the land. The battle ground, the burial place of heroes, is endeared to many, besides the immediate friends or descendants of those who lie beneath, covered with glory.—Their efforts were for a nation's good, and the nation, with its millions of thankful souls, now rise up to do them honor. But the recollections of a field of battle, although it tells us in terms too plain to be mistaken of the heroism of our fathers, are still mixed with painful and sorrowful thoughts. The dying and the dead have been there to mar the joy of victory, and ...

... inscribed with the prophetic words—"to proclaim liberty to the nations"—tells the glorious news.

But the ardor of applause is now over. The crowd of patriots without, and the little band within, have returned once more to their quiet homes; and leave us to know, as we wake again into a world of dull and ordinary cares—those homes are now their graves. The seats before us are again empty, the tapestry is torn away, the dream of the past is fled, and we retrace our steps, Freemen, by the counsels and by the blood of those whom in spirit we have just witnessed.

J. F. H.

THE VAUDOIS HARVEST HYMN.

From Corrected Proofs, by Hastings Weld.

Father of Mercies; God of Peace:
Being, whose bounties never cease!
While to the Heavens, in grateful tones,
Ascend our mingled orisons,
Listen to these, the notes of praise,
Which we, a happy people, raise!

Our hamlets, sheltered by Thy care,
Abodes of peace and plenty are;
Our tillage, by Thy blessing, yields
An hundred fold—the ripen'd fields
Of flowing grain—the burthened vine—
Are tokens of Thy Love Divine.

The cradled head of infancy
Oweth its tranquil rest to Thee—
Youth's doubting step, man's firmer tread
In years mature, by Thee are led—
Secure may trembling age, Oh Lord!
Lean on its staff, Thy Holy Word.

Teach us these blessings to improve,
Teach us to serve thee, teach to love—
Exalt our hearts, that we may see
The Giver of all Good, in Thee—
And by Thy Word our daily food—
Thy service, God, our greatest good.

Whether in youth, like early fruit
Or in the sere and solemn suit
Of our autumnal age, like wheat
Ripened and for the reaper fit,
Thou cut us off, Oh God, may we
Gathered into Thy garner be!

SURPRISES: OR THE RETURN HOME.

BY MRS. OPIE.

It is, I believe, a general observation, that as one advances in life, persons and scenes recur to one's recollection, which had for a considerable number of years been utterly banished from it.

I know that I am constantly remembering names, faces, occurrences, and anecdotes, which had seemingly wholly disappeared from my memory, and which I welcome again with a sort of pensive interest and mournful pleasure, because they are associated with recollections of those removed from me by the hand of death, but who will ever live in my remembrance, until I am passed away like them, and 'my place here shall know me no more.'

In one of these visions of my earliest years, I frequently behold a tall, thin, pale, crippled old lady, of some consequence in our country, whom my parents greatly respected, and whom young ...

... 'Why, what does th[is mean?]' ... to the deaf old servant ... 'Lord W—— never c[alled] ...'

'It was a call of civility,' ... Deleval.

'Pho, nonsense!' c[ried his mother] ... too proud to call on s[uch as we] ...

'He asked for you[, I am sure,' said the deaf] servant.

'For me! oh, I now [know why he called—he] wants to buy my gra[y pony] ...' ... 'No doubt,' replied ... sarcastically at Deleval ... conceited London ge[ntleman] ... upon him.'

'Perhaps I did,' rep[lied Deleval] ...

Great, no doubt, wa[s] ... family, and great the ... er at this evident pro[of] ...

SCIENTIFIC SELECTIONS.

Novel Apparatus for propelling Steam-ships.—Some very interesting models of vessels, propelled by an apparatus which is meant to supersede the use of paddle-wheels, and the inconvenient and unsightly appearance of paddle boxes in steam-ships, have just been exhibited by the inventor, Mr. Joseph O. Taylor, at No. 51 Gracechurch street. The new apparatus, when adapted to actual steam-ships, is to be worked by the power of steam in the same manner as the paddle wheels attached to such vessels as are now worked; in other words, steam is to be employed, but its operations are to be directed to different machinery. The difference is this:—The power of the steam-engine will be brought to bear upon a horizontal iron shaft, which will pass from the engine, or closely in position with it, beneath the deck of the main cabin, through the sternpost of the vessel; at the extremity beyond the stern-post two blades, in shape like the blade of an oar, will be fixed, not perpendicular, but at an angle of twenty-two degrees to the perpendicular stern-post, and beyond these blades, which occupy but little space, will be affixed a false stern-post, secured to the real stern-post at the top and bottom by transverse timbers and iron knees, &c. for the sake of strength, and to prevent accident in case of grounding. The rudder will of course be attached to the false stern-post. The space between the real stern-post and the false one will be very trifling; in the models it is not sufficient to destroy the symmetry of the vessel, though sufficiently large for the purpose required. The iron shaft being put in motion by the power of the steam-engine, revolves with great rapidity, and at each stroke drives the blades through the water. The vessel is thus propelled forward in precisely the same manner, as a wherry is seen to be frequently propelled in the river, by a man at the stern using one oar or scull to force it forward. The experiments are made on the models in a large tin trough of water, of about thirty feet long. The power used in them is that of the common clock spring wound up, steam being, of course, out of the question in models of a foot or two feet long. An experiment was first tried on a model with paddle-wheels to prove her speed; by using the same power she moved from one end of the trough to the other in one hundred and fifteen seconds.—An experiment was then tried on her, using the same power applied to the new apparatus of stern blades, and she performed the distance in eighteen seconds. The patentee of this invention insists that the following advantages belong to it, and if, in a large vessel, it should prove as satisfactory on trial as it had on the experiments with the model, what he contends for must be admitted. He says there will be a great saving, not only of expense, but in the construction of machinery, the waste coals, and the employment of engineers, because an engine of sixty horse power will be enabled to do as much under the new system as one of eighty under the old.—There will be a great deal of room saved by removing the paddles and paddle boxes, and a straight uninterrupted gangway for guns in vessels of war. There will be no swell by the use of the blades, so that accidents to boats or small crafts in the river will be avoided, and the banks of canals uninjured in canal navigation by steamers. There will be space for masts and rigging to carry any quantity of canvass, and as the blades at the stern are beneath the surface of the water, there will be less chance, or rather no danger at all, of their being shot away in action, or in an attack by hostile vessels or batteries.—*London paper.*

BURNING SMOKE.

On Monday, the 27th August, in the presence of the patentees, Dr. Fyfe, and other scientific gentlemen, we attended at the Castle Silk Mills, to witness the application of the process. To enable our readers to accompany us in this experiment we must inform them that the factory where the patent is applied is a building of hewn stone, which, from its magnitude and design, may vie with any similar structure in the kingdom. Its object is the spinning of silk from the "waste," as it is termed, or what in mining language would be called the "halvans," or "attle." The machinery, which is peculiarly beautiful, is worked by steam power, and to a portion is applied a ten-horse high-pressure engine. The nuisance created by its smoke in the vicinage, and the erection of two additional engines, each of seventy horse power, directed the attention of Mr. Ivison, the *manager*, to the best means of consuming the smoke, and its necessary sequence, a saving of fuel. How successfully, will be better appreciated by giving our readers a recital of what we ourselves witnessed, and, moreover, renders any praise of the skill and ingenuity of the inventor (Mr. Ivison) superfluous. The steam in the boiler being at a working temperature, we examined the state of the fire on commencing the experiment. The cistern from which the boiler is supplied was filled, and 392 lbs. of coal weighed to the stoker; at half past two o'clock the engine went to her work, and as the cistern required additional water, from the evaporation going on, it was measured in; the whole quantity taken during the experiment of five hours' duration being 504 gallons or 5040 lbs. At half past eight o'clock the furnace, boiler and cistern were re-examined, and found to be in a similar state as when the experiment commenced, the actual consumption during the five hours being, as already stated 392 lbs. of coal, giving a result of 5040 lbs. of water evaporated, or 1288 lbs. *of water evaporated by one pound of coal;* thus proving *that an increase of steam, equal to* 115 *per cent.* had been acquired by the application of the process of simply throwing in a jet of steam upon the fire.

Thus far the proof was adduced of the saving of fuel, and our attention was next directed to the prevention of smoke, although we should observe, that during the experiments, no smoke whatever issued from the chimney. Fresh coal was therefore put on the fire, and in the course of a few minutes we had a succession of trials, when the smoke, issuing as on ordinary occasions, ceased almost momentarily on turning on the steam jet, the interval being about eight seconds.

The boiler is worked at a pressure of 35 lbs. on the square inch, and the quantity of steam injected into the furnace is calculated at about one tenth of that generated. We should mention that the surplusage of water supplied to the boiler is returned by a pipe communicating with the cistern, so that all the water employed or taken is entirely evaporated, and thus obviates any question which might arise in testing the quantity of steam generated by a given quantity of fuel.

...bleeding, however, was arrested, and the wound was healed, but not without the formation of a bloody tumor, which, in two weeks from the time when the wound was given, appeared to be on the point of bursting.

At this time the operation of dissecting down and tying the subclavian artery was performed by Dr. G. H. White, of Hudson, assisted by Dr. S. White and by Drs. W. and B. Dewill. The operation was successful. On the seventeenth day the ligature came away, and in three weeks the wounds were healed. This man may be truly said to have had a very narrow escape—first, from a very severe and dangerous wound, and secondly, from a difficult and hazardous operation.—*N. Y. Commercial.*

Saturday Evening Post.

NOVEMBER 3, 1838.

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THE SILK CULTURIST.

From the United States Gazette.

RAISING MULBERRY TREES, AND GROWING SILK.

The extraordinary demand which exists at this moment, and has existed for some months past, for the species of mulberry called Morus Multicaulis, and the no less extraordinary profits which many of our fortunate fellow-citizens have realised this season in raising these trees, have produced quite "an excitement" in our community, and set men to thinking upon the subject of silk growing. The writer of this, is one of those whose want of faith prevented him, last spring, from accepting an offer which would have put "a pretty sum" into his pocket. But though then faithless, he is not now on the other extreme. Let us look at the matter fairly and candidly.

The question is, not whether mulberry trees can be sold next year at the high price which they now command, but whether this is likely to become a silk raising country, and whether farmers and others in various parts of the Union, aye, and in every part are likely to add the culture of silk to their other crops. It must be admitted, for experience has tested the fact, that the soil and climate of nearly every portion of the United States, is adapted to the raising of silk. It will also be admitted, that this is an article the consumption of which is rapidly increasing in this country, Great Britain, France and South America, expensive as the fabrics manufactured from it are. It is also a fact, that it can be produced with much less toil, expense and uncertainty, than a crop of flax; and furthermore, that it will call into requisition many of those who are now comparatively idle, for want of suitable employment, namely females and children; who can pick the leaves, tend the silk worms, reel the silk, &c.: for it is well known that most of these operations are simple, and a knowledge of them can be acquired in a short time, and by a very little practice. Besides, the price of silk is such as to make the raising of it a very *profitable* business, and it would be so, even were the present prices reduced twenty-five or fifty per cent. a circumstance not unlikely to take place in a very few years: in which case, a corresponding increase of consumption may be reasonably calculated upon.

Under this view of the subject, is it not morally certain, knowing as we all do the enterprising character of our countrymen, that the article of silk will become one of the staples of this country? Not in one year, nor perhaps in five years, but as soon as the country can be supplied with trees and worms. We think so, though we may misjudge. What prevents us from exporting silk even to China, *from* whence we formerly imported large quantities of manufactured cotton goods, and to which we now send, annually, millions of yards of an infinitely better fabric at a less price?

The value of silk and silk goods imported into this country annually, is from *twenty to twenty-five millions of dollars*; we may not be able to manufacture the article for many years yet, in *all* the shapes which taste and luxury require, but we can manufacture all our own sewing silk, handkerchiefs and many of the coarser fabrics, and we can also export the raw material to those countries, (say Great Britain and France,) where the manufacture has been carried to greater perfection, in payment of the articles which we may import from thence in a manufactured state. Mr. Gallatin, a sagacious statesman, and a close observer of men and things, said more than twenty years ago, that this country must one day become a silk growing country; and would have been so then, but that the Americans entertained the false notion that there was a *mystery* or grand secret in raising silk, whereas it was one of the most simple operations, and assure a crop as flax or cotton. His prediction is now coming true, at least, to a certain extent; and viewing the whole subject—the *pros* and *cons*—fairly and impartially...

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

The London Herald announces that drafts to all the regiments in Jamaica and the Windward and Leeward Islands, amounting to 50 officers and 800 rank and file, have been ordered to hold themselves in readiness, and embark as soon as means of conveyance can be provided. It is supposed that these additions to the West India force are prospective toward Canada.

The seconds in the Wimbledon duel have been sentenced to twelve months imprisonment—the last month in solitude.

The weather for the week ending Sept. 28 had been wet and gloomy, for some miles around London; but the rain was not unwelcome.

A collision had taken place on the Great Western railway—caused by a thick fog—in which three cars were destroyed, but no person was hurt. Damage about 2,000*l.*

The London Courier says that in consequence of the interference of the magistrates, Mr. Van Amburgh's proposed ascension with the royal tiger, in a balloon, was not allowed to take place.

There had been another great radical meeting at Manchester. Some of the papers say that 300,000 persons were present. The speeches were of a less inflammatory character than at some of the other meetings, and the meeting passed off quietly. There was another meeting of 20,000 at Sheffield.

The trouble between France and Switzerland has been settled by the voluntary withdrawal of Louis Bonaparte, who had set out for England, after returning to the government of Thurgau his certificate of naturalisation.

A Wealthy Convict.—The late Mr. William Field, of Launceston, Van Dieman's Land, has left property to the amount of 300,000*l.* The widow receives 500*l.* per annum for life. The remainder is to be equally divided among the four sons of the legatee.

Intelligence had been received at Paris, from Spain, that Gen. Alaix had had a fight with the Carlists and been defeated, with considerable loss. Espartero was at Pancorbo on the 17th of Sept. There was great activity in the Carlist ranks. Gen. Oraa [Christino] has been succeeded in the command of the army of the centre...

...seventy dollars on the strength of his letter of credit from M. M. Noah, how can I recover it from him? I have no knowledge of him beyond a travelling acquaintance." The parties were taken before a magistrate, and the Phillips was made to refund the money said to be borrowed from his travelling friend, who as subsequent events pretty clearly proved an accomplice. He promised to return the fifty dollars which he fraudently obtained from the Editor of the Louisville Journal immediately upon his arrival in N. York which promise will prove about tantamount to the promise of a better currency. He was allowed to depart, although some persons present were strongly disposed to honor the draft made upon his back by the editor of the Louisville Journal. He was in company with a female whom he represented to be his wife, and the daughter of Mr. Vanderpool of New York, and exhibited a marriage license to prove it. They took passage in the cars for Baltimore, and Philip's friend and accomplice, above referred to bought tickets for himself, for his unknown friend Phillips's and for the putative Mrs. Phillips.

LITERARY OMNIBUS.

The Count de Survilliers is about to become a resident of Philadelphia, and intends to erect a handsome mansion in the course of the next summer.

Professor Dudley, of Lexington, Ky. has just performed another operation of Lithotomy, being his 157th, and the 13th from the same county in Kentucky.

The grain crops in the new and scarcely settled Territory of Wisconsin, are most abundant and promising.

There was the usual number of five cases for murder before the Common Pleas of South Carolina at their late session.

Four persons are in jail at Erie, Pa. concerned in passing a forged bank check. A man named Miner was also imprisoned, about $500 spurious bills on the Connecticut bank of Tolland, was found upon him.

Four whale ships arrived at New Bedford, having on board...

PHILADELPHIA WHOLESALE PR...
THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 3

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Last Accounts.—The ship Cambria, Capt. Wilson, from Liverpool, arrived at this port on Wednesday last, and Capt. Wilson reports that the river Weser was run foul of by the ship Cambria. There were on board the Cambria, at the time, daughter of Mr. Wilson, the captain. Mrs. Wilson, and two children, were also on board the Cambria. It was supposed that the ship would not strike, when she might remain on the bar without danger, but she struck, which is for the present.

Ice.—The ice is proposed by the owners to be removed from the ponds, and it is stated that a State Ice Boat is to be built for the purpose. It is supposed, however, that the ice will pass.

Fearful.—The steamboat Home burnt at little Rock, Arkansas, on the 3d ult. Seven persons were burnt to death, and many others were injured.

Fire.—The steamboat Home was burned at

The Saturday Evening Post

Vol. I

Farmer's Wife and Child.

"Farmer's wife and child,
That grieve it all its days."

For the Saturday Evening Post.

Mr. Editor,—

Yesterday lately I heard some
A curious thing I chanced to hear,
I read indeed, looks, well, and make,
As it would be no ill 'n a note,
But what it was, there 's no one knows,
As you'll perceive the sequel shows.

It was not an angel from on high,
Else it had wings wherewith to fly;
'T was not a demon sent from hell,
Or else a clever fool would tell;
'T was not a man, I'll prove it soon,
Else it was local to women's songs;

'T was not a woman, else I vow,
'The secret never the secret now!
It had no sex—it was not an ape,
Although 't was something like the shape:
Not earth, with all its crimes I know:
Can such another bigot show.

Jane Jones.

Seeing that our correspondent has left us in the dark as regards the sex of the singular creature, we will not name one of our readers who might also have seen it, give us light on the subject?

The Editor.—"Now," said a father to his son, the other day, "be it known to you, my son, and it is two hours since sunrise:" "—Well," interrupted the boy, "what can I know, if it be not two hours before day?"

A barrister blind of one eye, pleading with his spectacles on each, was thus addressed by my sergeants, I shall say nothing but what is very clear." "Then," replied a wag, "take out one of the glasses of your spectacles."

An Uncivil or Mary Modern.—A little boy about ten years of age, said to his playmate:—"Josh, what has your mother put on the bureau?"—"Yes," replied the little urchin, "her father's other wife was my own mother, and she has come to live near my mother too, but she died before I was born."

Truth.—Of all the qualities that adorn the human mind Truth is the most creditable. It is a rich though simple ornament; and he who is not possessed of it, let his other accomplishments be what they may, will be despicable in the sight of the good and wise.

Four Facts.—A good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best religion; economy is never the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

Moustaches.—As these useless appendages to the "human face divine" are becoming more common every day, we beg leave to say that, at last, they give the appearance of a want of what we must call the reality, and for our authority quote Shakespeare.

"How many cowards whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who inward search'd have livers white as milk."

A moustache may be called the nose's fence, instead of the chin's.

The Musselman writers speak of an ignorant Arab, who being asked how he knew anything about the existence of a God, replied, "Just as I know by the tracks in the sand whether a man or beast has passed there, so when I survey the heavens with its bright stars, and the earth with its productions, do I feel the existence and power of God."

Effective Preaching.—In 1104, when Henry I. was in Normandy, a zealous named Serlo, garnished so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair, that the monarch was moved to tears; and, taking advantage of the opportunity he had produced, the enthusiastic preacher whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeve, and cropped the whole congregation.

Shooting Fish.—In Urquhart's Travels in the East, it is stated that the inhabitants of Baba are wonderful adepts in the use of the bow and arrow. The small fish gather round to pick out the large ones make darts at the small fish. The sport is an astonishing one, with his gun pointed on the spot. His dexterity consists in knowing the ways of the large fish so well as to hit them at the very instant that they are getting a mouthful of minnows.

It is pertinent here, says the New York Whig, for young men to hire sleeping rooms and eat meals any where, and any how. One morning, rather late, one of these youngsters was returning home with six raw eggs in his hat—he had paid breakfast and fare for his breakfast, accidentally he met in Broadway a female acquaintance, and being rather bashful, stopped the thought of his "marketing" were driven out of his mind. He very politely offered her a salute to the lady. What was the consequence? Why as his hat came off, out rolled the eggs, to his utter dismay, and to the astonishment of the lady. He was off in the twinkling of a case knife.

A doctor in Kent, seldom in church, but a rigid justice of the peace, having a remedy for every bone in the body, said warmly, "I'll teach you the law you reprobate, I warrant you." "I would you were more becoming," answered the poor fellow, "if you would teach me the GOSPEL."

There is not a more disgusting object in the world than a vulgar, ignorant person in the possession of wealth, and making use of his gold—influence to oppress the poor, who are in every respect, his superiors.

A Female Nimrod.—The Marchioness of Hastings is very enthusiastic in the field. She is an excellent shot. She usually accompanies her lord in the chase, and joins in the sports of the field. At a recent race ball, she appeared in a riding dress, ornamented with the tails of foxes, killed by herself and lord in their shooting excursions. She ought certainly to visit the country and return among the Indians in the far west, and try her skill in bringing down the wolf and the bear.

Young Men Beware.—We heard of an old gentleman once who had three daughters, all of whom were marriageable. A young buck went a courting youngest, and family got her consent to take him "for better or for worse." Upon application to the old father for his consent, he flew into a violent rage, declaring that no man should pick his daughters in that way, and if he wished to be married to one, he might marry the eldest, or leave the house forthwith.

The Wild Pigeon.—Some idea may be formed of the immense number of pigeons which, at certain seasons, pass into Kentucky and Indiana, from a circumstance related some by Wilson the Ornithologist, in regard to an immense flock which he saw while traversing the woods near Shelbyville. From the time when it took to pass the place where he was, he supposes the flock to have been at least two hundred and forty miles in length; and to have contained something like 1,115,136,000 pigeons. Each bird, he says, will consume a pint of food each day, the whole amount would be about seventeen millions of bushels daily.

A Difficulty Settled.—A gentleman residing in the country, during the summer months, was one morning observed a large quantity of dirt and rubbish lying in the yard, in front of his house. A friend, he called one of his servants to him, and he "why is this dirt not taken away."

"We have no wagon on the premises."

"Then dig a ditch back of the house and throw it in."

But what are we to do with the earth which will be dug out?"

"Fool, don't bother me, make the ditch big enough to put earth, rubbish, dirt and all in."

Romance in Upper Canada.—A Miss Strange, daughter of the late member of Parliament of that name in the Upper Canada Legislature, was engaged to be married to a Mr. Peters, a young artist, residing at the head of Lake Ontario. A correspondent of the Montreal Transcript has heard the knot has the enamored swain agreed to his wooing.

The day was fixed for the nuptial of the happy pair. By previous arrangement, they were to be married early in the morning, and immediately take passage for New York on their way to Scotland to visit their friends. The Scotch Minister in Kingston then being absent, Mr. Ducost brought a favorite parson to officiate, and arrived at the lady's house at evening, anticipating for the next day, when he was to become the husband in the fair, the accomplished Isabella Strange. The trunks and bandboxes were all packed and ready, to one of which was deposited by the lady's maid, for her special use, five hundred pounds.

Being thus arranged, and just before the parson retired to rest, a young gentleman of Kingston stepped up to the intended bride and bid her good bye and good luck. Morning came and every thing was in readiness for the solemnization of the nuptial vows, when it was observed that Miss Strange did not make her appearance.—The servant was despatched to the lady's room and returned with the information that she was not there, and what was still more surprising her trunks and bandboxes were also missing, as the table which decorated the whole mystery. She had been followed by her friends, contrary to her expressed wish, to the steamboat wharf, and stage to Mr. Ducost, but had given her heart to the young man engaged to her, and, in company with the trunks, five hundred pounds, and all, fled to Gravely Point in Canada, and at 2 o'clock in the morning, she who was to have been Mrs. Ducost had become Mrs. McLean!

Anecdote.—Macklin, the celebrated actor, who was what Cicero called a ready man at repartee, and knew the just value of a sixpence as well as any body, had a dispute with a hackney coachman, on a certain day, a practice which he was not often guilty of. He was in the habit of giving actors and men of literary pursuits, among them Garrick, Foote, Quin, Westcinar, Johnson and many others familiar to the public, to the other of the fees the servant was of course ready with the open door and open hand receiving generously substantial half crowns and shillings from all. Garrick alone generally contented himself with some coin, neatly folded in a piece of paper. The servant, with a face like a warren, was accustomed to the dinners, and was always assisted by his master, with "Well, John, how much have you got?" "Why, sir," he would say, "about 30s. besides something considerable from Mr. Garrick." The servant reckoning his fees, congratulated wonderfully when the paper being opened, produced only a farthing. Macklin, a few days afterward, meeting Garrick, inquired whether he meant to insult him by making such a presentation to his servant? "Why, Mac," said Garrick, "but I thought you'd pocket the affront yourself if it had been worth taking."

Etiquette of the Court of Louis XV.—At the King's dinner and supper, the curtain of the guard was always kept behind his Majesty's arm chair. Any one allowed the honor of these two repasts with him on two days. At first, when the first dish of meat was laid par, on the King's knees and stockings, his Majesty herself put on the curtain, which he held in her petticoat; but before this woman gave to her, having requested them from the first dish of the evening, they presented them to the Queen, as it appears, had the liberty to put on her garters herself. Upon occasion a was allowed the King to do the same, but the valet-de-chambre was required at bed-time, to unbind the garter of the left leg; it is not said that he assisted the other. His Majesty had a counselor, he was to arrange his back cloth; he was to put on his dressing gown, which belonged to the master of the wardrobe. If, however, this latter was not at hand, he discovered that any part of it did not sit well, the valet-de-chambre was to put on himself put on the King's cravat in the absence of the superior officer.

Melancholy fate of a poor Strolling Player and his Wife.—About eight or nine months since, when autumn was fading into winter, and in the words of the Scottish song,

"With the snow leaf from the bark tree was falling,"

a poor strolling player, his wife and two children—a boy and a girl—arrived at Lanark, in the country of Sutherly. The inhabitants are literally "few and far between," separated as they are by rugged mountains, which impart a feeling of utter solitude and seclusion to the scene. A cluster of cottages, however, he about one on the south side of Lock Shine, and there is also a considerable village at the head of the lake, but they at first elude observation, are rife with information. The player's first object was to try a performance, but, it being Saturday evening, he deferred astonishing the simple people till Monday. Tuesday, he out to, and the inn, and the respectable landlord—Mr. Mackay—informed us that the intelligence and demeanor of the man made a strong impression on all who conversed with him. The poor wanderer, however, was desirous not to gratify the people of Lairg by "free-and-easy" performances. He set out toward Altnaharrow to rouse the country and collect an audience, taking with him his son, to bear his drum and fife, and his daughter, to carry a basket of them returned. The "play" was, of course, postponed—and day from day—the player, after bringing any tidings of the unfortunate actor to his lot. The wife and daughter became sad, and the circumstance was forgotten, when last week—on a solitary part of the farm of Shiness—the body of a man and boy were discovered in a state of decomposition. The occurrence was immediately reported, and the medical examiner was ordered by the people of Lairg, as those of the neighborhood were called. It was at once conjectured that they lost their way among the hills, and were overtaken by a storm among the snow-drifts, and not strong enough to struggle through. The man and history are unknown—and thus perished the lone occupier of the poor tent, and his little companion son in a land of strangers, amidst the wildest scenes of nature, and under circumstances of the most awful kind, that the mind can be submitted